The Sketch

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DECOYS DIVERT THE ATTACKER!

This is a lesson in camouflage by CHILI WILLIAMS. *She's the No. 1 Pin-Up Girl of the U.S. armed forces, and just to stimulate the visual aids to teaching methods, the U.S. Army Engineers enlisted her help and took a series of pictures of her to illustrate the principles of camouflage. By thus using Chili, says the Army official release, "vital principles are impressed in the minds of camouflage students in a most effective manner." This particular photograph from "Life" shows how Chili's own legs are allied to the uniformed decoy dummy!*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

" A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men fear a bandit "—
Which I know was very clever, but I didn't understand it.

Poor Old Me! That 's my trouble: I don't understand it. When I read poetry of the " Pigeons-on-the-roof-alas " school, so feelingly described by Mr. James Thurber, I know it is very clever, but I humbly recognise it as being beyond my poor intellect. It is the same when I try to study the art of the Blob and Blotch school. When I find that something which appears to be a blue isosceles triangle standing on a pound of pink suet is labelled " Portrait of a Sonia "—well, I respectfully acknowledge that to somebody it may be the very quintessence of Sonia, but not to me, and not, I suspect, to Sonia. As for Tone Poems—well, when they become more than flesh and blood can bear, I just get my hat and coat and go quietly home. So, you see, I am a mere stick-in-the-mud reactionary with eyes and ears all wrong, and no soul at all.

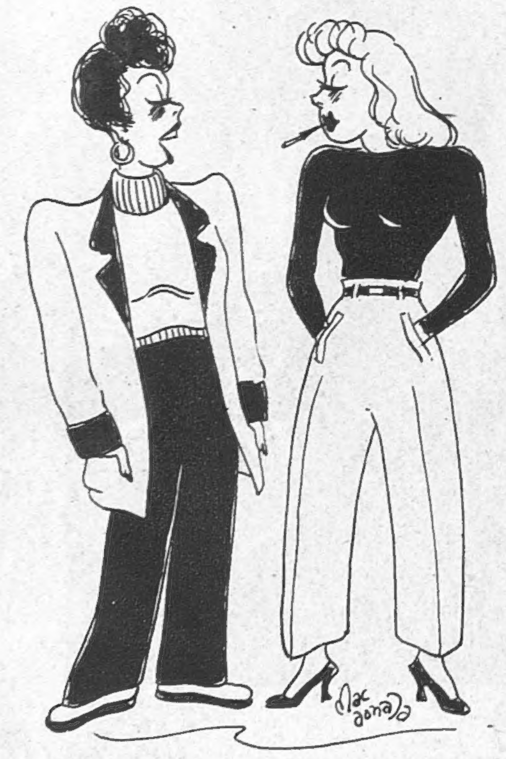
Whom the Gods Love. However, considering how we nitwits are snubbed and put in our places by the Discerning, nobody ought to grudge us a little score now and then, just to preserve our self-respect. I am therefore very grateful—not without a touch of malice—to the late Mr. Ern Malley, of Australia. He wrote some very fine poetry. It was so fine that nobody but the true *élite* could understand a word of it. The profane and vulgar said that he was either drunk or delirious, or a coarse practical joker. That only convinced the Vanguard of his true genius, and they wrote extremely brilliant appreciations of him, and gave gin-binges in his honour, and hailed him a new planet in the firmament of Timeless Art. Then he went and died on them. He was hardly cold in his grave when two ribald fellows came forward and said that he had never existed. *They* were Ern Malley, and they had composed his immortal poetry by piecing together totally unrelated phrases from newspapers and catalogues and official reports. R.I.P., Ern! You deserve to be buried in the Abbey! And yet, may it not be that those two brutal low-brows really wrote beautiful poetry *without knowing it*? It 's a pretty thought, worthy at least a couple of bottle-parties and an article in " The Brink."

Brighter Breakfast. But enough of High Art. We are living (or so I have seen it stated) in a world of hard realities and must face them bravely. For example, it is the duty of every good citizen to face his breakfast sausage without flinching. I, for one, have followed the fortunes of the sausage in this war with fascination. It is constantly in the news, and it is extraordinarily temperamental; it is never the same sausage twice running. When our fortunes are on the ebb, it loses heart and grows puffy on breadcrumbs and soya beans. When things are looking up, it takes unto itself new strength of meat-content. It is a barometer of the Allied cause. I therefore regard it as a hopeful and heartening sign that the sausage has now got back to its pre-war strength. It is this sort of thing which gives one hope for the post-war world—unless somebody goes and *plans* sausages. You never know!

Twopence Coloured. There is one quality in the sausage which I have always admired. It is satisfied with its own natural attractions and does not rely (externally, at least) on any make-up or beauty-aids. I never heard of a dyed sausage, although I have often wondered about the rubicund complexion of the saveloy and of that type of large-calibre sausage which used to be called " German "—" luncheon," I believe, is now the polite term. But I have been hearing a lot lately about dyed kippers. The House of Commons, which appears to contain a high proportion of kipper-fans, has been quite excited about the complexion of kippers. I cannot share this agitation. Frankly, I do not care whether a kipper is dyed, varnished or cellulosed. Why? Because I never see a kipper; it does not exist in this part of the world. When is a kipper not a kipper? When it is controlled. So long as it is controlled, and therefore exists merely in the abstract, I say, on the well-known principle of the Fox in the Fable, that I am not interested in ruddy kippers.

" No. . . . I don't think it 's a weed, George. It looks too weak for a weed."

DRAWN BY APP.



" He plays darts, and you know how I loathe the athletic type! "

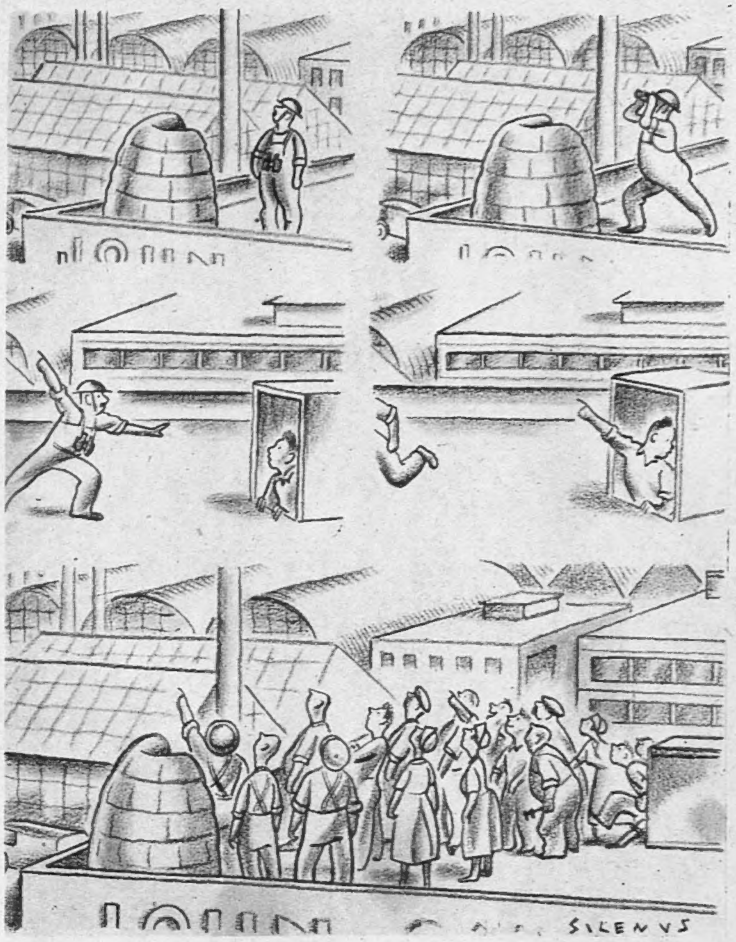
DRAWN BY MACDONALD.

" Anything new in that paper? "
" No. Cod, as usual! "

DRAWN BY CANE.

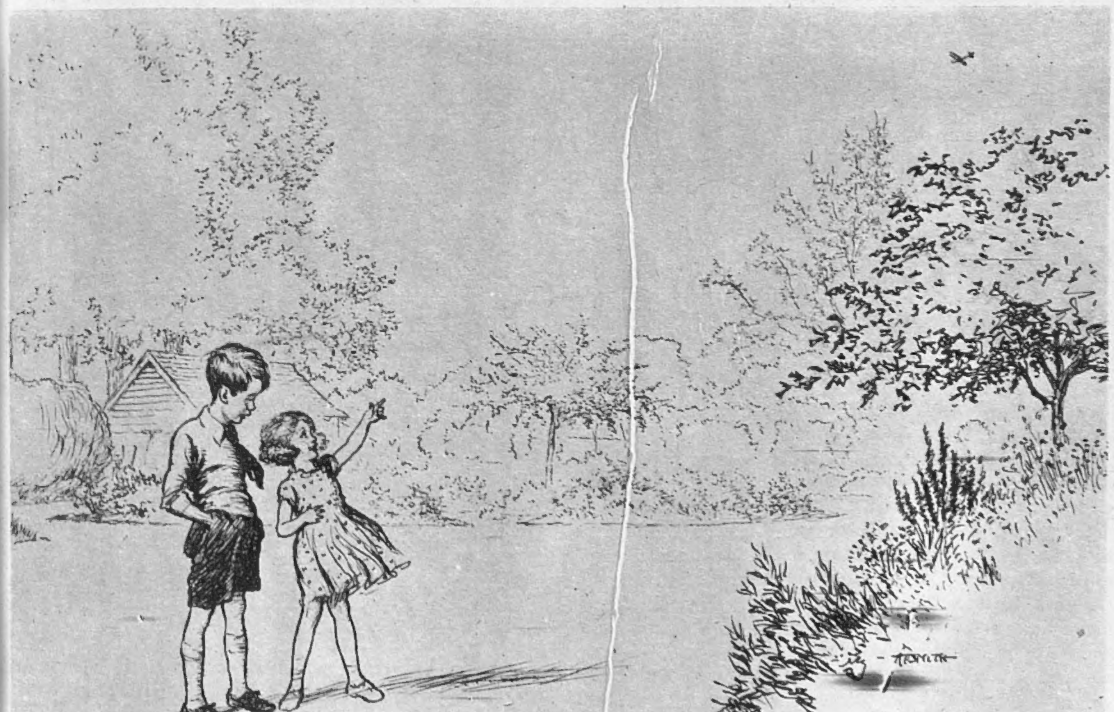
There 's the Rub ! It is curious what things do stir our legislators in these already stirring times—not only kippers, but all sorts of unexpected tooralooroos ; and they are not always treated with that gravity which we expect of our representatives. There was some question the other day about "physio-therapists." Some people call a physio-therapist a masseur, which is an honourable term and has the advantage—not that it commends itself to everybody—of two syllables instead of six. But the Back Benches prefer the description "rubbers." In my opinion, it is not only vulgar, but inaccurate. Physio-therapists do not merely rub ; they tear, rend, and pull limb from limb in a highly ingenious manner. It is all for one's own good ; personally, I have been much indebted to their rackings and wrenchings, and I do not like to hear their subtle art referred to disrespectfully by those who ought to know better. Perhaps they shine most of all at thermo-dynamics. One "rubber" of my acquaintance has such calorific power that I expect to burst into flame at any moment when he is treating me. Again very good for one—but then, so, it is said, is Purgatory. In short, there are some subjects too sacred for jest, and, in my experience, physio-therapy is one of them.

"It is a Gentle Thing." The physio-therapist has a gentler side to his nature, and one which I do not think is sufficiently appreciated in this country. He can soothe as well as excruciate. Now, these are times when a great many people need soothing. The Doodlebug, like Macbeth, hath murdered sleep—or, if not murdered it (for it is astonishing how we acquire a technique in this matter), done grievous bodily harm to it. I read a good many articles in the papers about infallible methods of wooing sleep. But I have been reading them all my life, and they generally resolve themselves intc "Make your mind a blank"—which is exactly what the mind refuses to be when it is wakeful. I never saw any sense in counting sheep, and I should have thought that counting anything (even Doodlebugs !) was a sure way to keep awake. I know one man who affirms that he cured himself of insomnia by studying Relativity, but that is not everybody's taste. I suggest a little physio-therapy. They know this trick in America. I am disappointed to find no mention of this Public Health Service in the White Paper. I commend it to the attention of the Government.



TAKE COVER ! (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

Party Manners. It seems as if German Generals have been a little short of sleep lately, and not a few of them will have ample opportunities for it in the near future. Twenty in a month seems a large bag which needs some explanation, though I don't think that anybody who has known the Hun in the field would suggest that the explanation is lack of courage. But his life must be strenuous and exacting even in his unbent moments, to judge by a series of Mess Etiquette Rules which have been published by the "Daily Telegraph." There are twenty-three rules of good behaviour at table, and breach of any of them involves a fine. You must not be late, or talk too loudly or too softly, or be too chatty or too silent, or take too big a helping, or spill the gravy, or gurgle with your soup, or put your elbows on the table, or be tactless, or make innuendoes—in short, do anything unbecoming, not only to an officer and a gentleman, but to a child in the nursery. What a life, what a system and what a mentality ! Nothing means anything to the German until it is reduced to rules. There you have the essence of totalitarianism.



"No, Silly ! It 's only one of the *old* sort, *with a man in it* !"

DRAWN BY ATSMITH.

Poison Tongue.

The worshippers of rules and regulations are not confined to Germany ; for rules make up most of our lives nowadays, and I seem to notice a tendency among some enthusiasts in our midst to start more and more societies with more and more rules. The latest I have heard of is an Anti-Gossip Society in a certain village. The Rector who is its founder says, very truly, that gossip may easily become "one of the most dangerous of secret weapons." Careless talk undoubtedly costs reputations and peace of mind, and sometimes hard cash in a court of law. But I should be a little troubled about the society's exact definition of gossip, and I should fear a good deal of gossip about other people's gossiping. I should also doubt whether peace and contentment would be produced by depriving the parishioners of one of their chief pleasures

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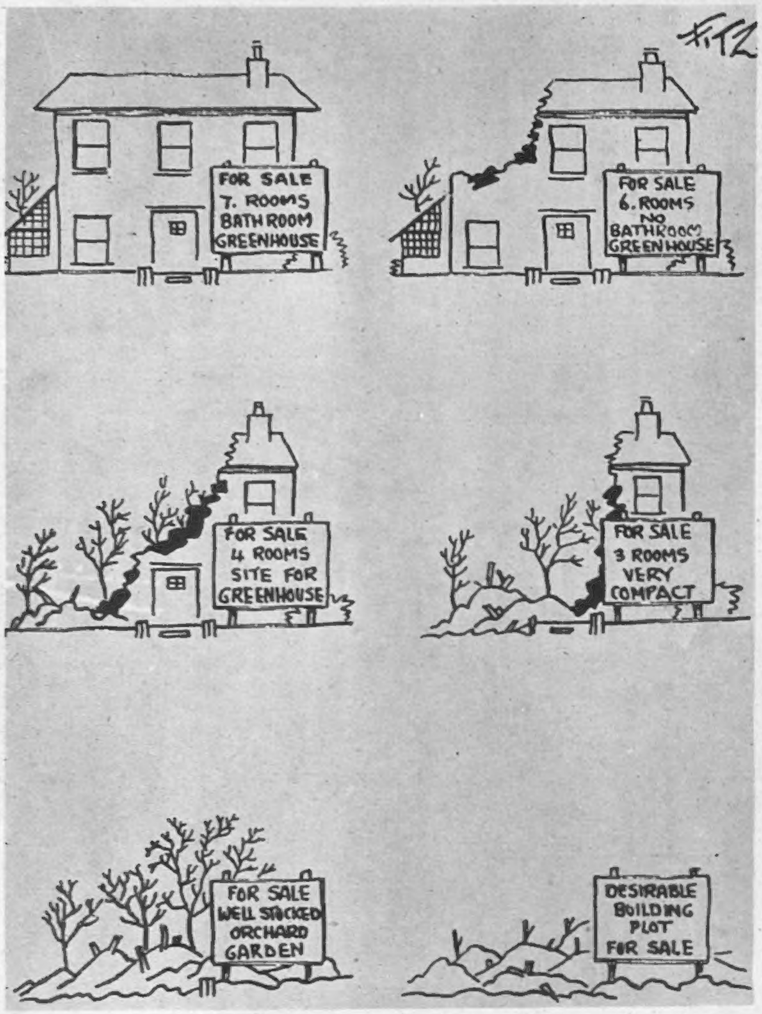


REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

DRAWN BY FITZ.

in life. The trouble with parishioners is that they are *human*—unfortunate, but true! However, the Rector is well supported by the highest authority, for I think St. Paul had something to say about an Unruly Member.

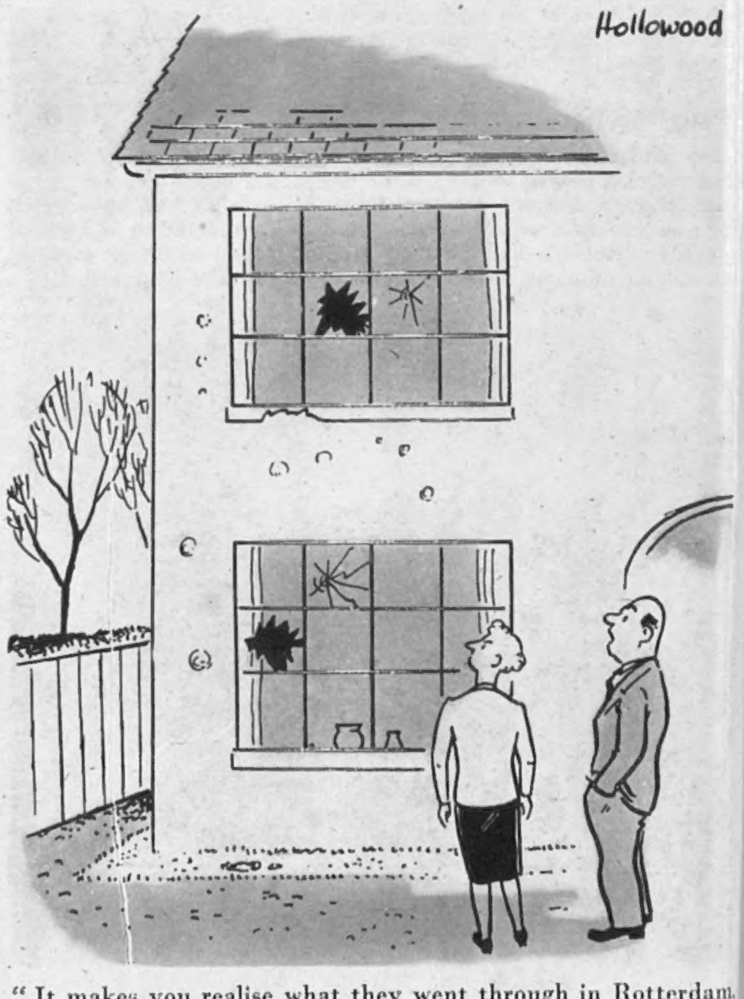
This Way Out. The art, or science, of digging-in is an important branch of warfare, but in this war the art of digging-out seems to be even more important. Amid the "casualties and damage in Southern England" there have been some remarkable performances of excavation and extrication. I read of one young soldier who, trapped for four days under beams and threatened with drowning by escaping water, made the work of his rescuers much easier by a little field engineering with his knife and fork. (I only hope that he will not be called upon to account on A.F.6666 for the damage to his "issue" cutlery—but I have known such things happen.) But the Queen of Tunnellers is the Scots terrier "Lassie," who found herself under 10 ft. of rubble and scratched her way out in two days. Paws and claws are a distinct asset in this modern warfare. I see a bright future at Hollywood opening up for this gallant and resourceful animal. I hope her owners will not be prosecuted if they give her the best cut from the Sunday joint.

Precious Bane. Have you ever meditated upon seaweed? There is a lot of it lying about and it must have engaged your attention at some time or other; indeed, I have known times at the seaside, in the holiday season, when it was the most attractive object on the beach. But how useless! Forests, millions of tons of it, and no use to anybody! The Romans thought so little of it that they referred to it as the very symbol of worthlessness. But science strides on, and now seaweed is coming into its own. They have already been doing marvels with it in the Pacific; but you do not find Scotland lagging behind in the march of progress, and now there is to be a Scottish Seaweed Research Association, with a lot of money behind it; Ocean is to be literally raked, and you may expect textiles, transparent paper, plastics, foodstuffs, sizing materials, and surgical, medical and dental materials—all from the despised seaweed. I should not be surprised if we had seaweed allotments at our coastal beauty spots. The next thing, I suggest, is to do something about jelly-fish. It has always seemed to me that they have been neglected by science, and I see all sorts of possibilities for plastics in them.

Tough Egg. Not without pain, I have had occasion from time to time to call attention to the shocking behaviour of some of our Dead End Kids. There is no knowing what they will do next, but the exploit of one of them recently surely takes the bun, cake and President's Putter. He threw an egg at an engine-driver! The act itself is horrifying enough; the conception of the egg as a mere missile belongs to another and a forgotten world. But what really hurts is that an engine-driver should have been the object of this dastardly attack. To any young Briton worthy of the name an engine-driver should be an object of veneration, a man set apart, nay, a demigod. That this exalted type of mortal should become a target for eggs shows, to my mind, a deplorable demoralisation of the young. The only extenuation I can think of is that this young tough possibly thought that a shot at the engine may have been the quickest way of frying the egg. But that assumes that it was in a condition of comparative freshness, and I gravely doubt whether the assumption is justified.

Glad Tidings. Good news for sufferers—as the advertisements say. Science (how it haunts one!) is on the brink of discovering a cure for asthma and bronchitis. It appears to consist chiefly of arsenic, and may prove more handy than fly-papers or weed-killer for those who suffer from incompatibility of temperament or mental cruelty. And, girls—you can now get real silk stockings! They are only £3 15s. a pair. Have a dozen or two on me and charge to *The Sketch*.

The first drawing in "Motley Notes" in our issue of July 12 was drawn by "Pat," and not Pat Auld, as stated.



"It makes you realise what they went through in Rotterdam, Stalingrad, Warsaw, Coventry and Hamburg."

DRAWN BY HOLLOWOOD.

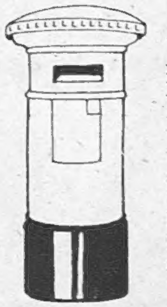
The ninety-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch," is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

POLYCHROMATIC ORNAMENT.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We all feel guilty because Cherbourg has saved us from the Flying Bombs, which is silly, really, because you might just as well feel guilty because you haven't had appendicitis, but there you are. Civilians can never enjoy immunity if they have it. The people who have never heard a siren feel apologetic towards those who have, and those who have been in only a few raids feel apologetic towards those who have been in a lot, and those whose windows have been blown in feel apologetic towards those whose houses have been knocked down, and so on. Charles says it shows an unhealthy mentality, and the last war taught him to be thankful when nothing was falling on his own head and not to worry about things falling on other people's, but Charles is a mountain of common sense and always has been.

"She sat down and burst into tears."

Our house is full of Brother James and Mary, his wife, who both send you their love. Brother James has been in Hospital for three months with what Evensong calls a gastric stomach, which means that everybody in the house has powdered milk except him. He is well on the way to recovery, but his illness seems to have left him very, very hungry. Mary is hungry too, because she is so glad to be away from the Flying Bombs. Brother James is on a Convalescent Diet, which means that he has to have a Little Something, like Winnie the Pooh, every few hours. Charles is so angry about him having porridge *and* an egg every morning for breakfast he can hardly be civil about it.

The minor ills which accompany London Raids are now ours. People saying "You folk down here don't know there's a war on" is one, and Evacuees is another. Little Mrs. Simpkins came round yesterday with a letter from the Billeting Officer saying she had got to have three.

"Three, Henrietta!" she said, handing me the letter, and then she sat down and burst into tears.

I put my arms round her. She felt very frail and small. "Don't cry," I said; "perhaps you'll get a Mother Who'll Help." This is the forlorn hope of all Hostesses in Reception Areas, but though they sometimes get Mothers, they don't often get Help.

"I'm being very foolish," said little Mrs. Simpkins, wiping her eyes, "and very wicked, too. We're so lucky down here not having any of these dreadful Flying Bombs, and of course the children must leave London, but I'm getting an old woman, Henrietta, and I find the house without any help all I can manage. I haven't felt very well lately, and I'm so afraid of Breaking Down."

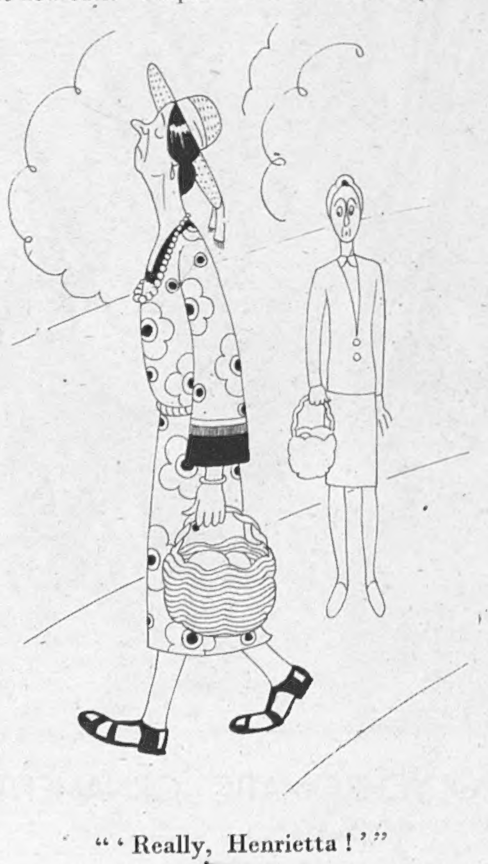
"You mustn't have them," I said, kissing her little withered cheek. "I'll tell Charles."

"No, Henrietta, no. Please, I really mean it," said little Mrs. Simpkins, sitting up very straight. "This is Total War," she said, her eyes flashing, "and my three Evacuees are one in the eye for Hitler, if you know what I mean, dear."

"But if you break down it will be one in the eye for Mr. Churchill."

"I shan't break down," said little Mrs. Simpkins firmly. "I feel much better since I had my little weep, though I must say, I hope it never reaches Goebbels's ears."

"I don't think it will."



"'Really, Henrietta!'"

"And it isn't that I'm in the *least* afraid of having a Stroke," said little Mrs. Simpkins, glaring at me; "but who, I ask you, *who* understands Willie's stomach as I do?"

"Nobody."

"I shall manage," said little Mrs. Simpkins, putting a small handkerchief embroidered by Christian Indians in Lahore away in her bag. Then she kissed me, picked up her basket and left the house. I watched her going down the garden-path, a small, frail, gallant figure; one of the unsung heroines of the War.

That evening I said to Charles, "You know, *we* ought to have some Evacuees."

Charles gave me an exasperated look. "Doctors in General Practice are exempt," he said.

"I know—but little Mrs. Simpkins——"

"Well, we've got James and Mary now, and glad I am to have them, though I must say, an egg for breakfast *every* morning——"

"But when they go?"

"God spare the crows, Henrietta!" cried Charles, and it is an oath he only uses when goaded beyond endurance. "I've got to look after the little blighters all day, not to mention their distraught Hostesses. Am I to have no peace in my own home in the evenings?"

"One very small one, Charles."

"If it was very small it would cry in the night," said Charles, and he went out of the room and banged the door.

"Having a row with the Billeting Officer."

During lunch so many people rang up about their Evacuees Charles said his stomach was beginning to be gastric too, and that he'd have to have all his vegetables put through a sieve, like James.

After lunch I went to the Billeting Office. Mrs. Whinebite was there, having a row with the Billeting Officer. "It's a scandal!" she shouted as I opened the door.

"It's better than Germans in your house, isn't it?" hissed the Billeting Officer. "It's better than the Gestapo, isn't it? Isn't it better than Rape?"

"*Really!*" said Mrs. Whinebite, and flounced out.

"What do *you* want?" said the Billeting Officer crossly.

"An Evacuee."

The Billeting Officer put on his spectacles and looked at me, then he turned to his assistant. "Did you hear that?" he said.

"When my Visitors go," I said.

"Well, you can't have one," said the Billeting Officer. "You're exempt."

"I know. But I'm stronger than some of the people who've got them."

"I'm not worrying about you, my dear woman," said the Billeting Officer. "It's Charles. I want to keep him fit to look after all these people."

"I wouldn't let it bother Charles."

"Well, I'll put your name down," said the Billeting Officer in a grudging way, rather as though I'd asked for a bit of salmon for the week-end, "but I can't promise."

Outside the Billeting Office I ran into Mrs. Whinebite. "Have *you* got any Evacuees?" she said.

"No."

"Really, Henrietta!" said Mrs. Whinebite. "You ought to be ashamed."

And so I am, of course.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

PRINCESS

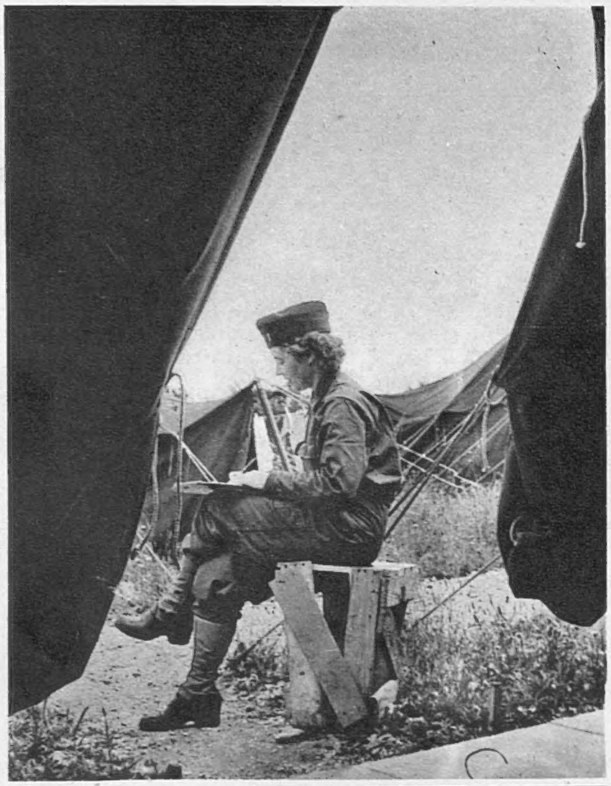
ELIZABETH'S

LADY-IN-WAITING.

LADY MARY PALMER, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, has been chosen as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth. Her appointment is the first to be made to her Royal Highness's Household, and indicates the growing number of duties which the Heir-Presumptive to the Throne will now undertake. Lady Mary is twenty-three, five years older than the Princess, is one of her close friends, and shares her tastes in music and dancing. She has been working for child welfare since the war. She is engaged to Captain the Hon. Thomas Strachey, son and heir of Lord O'Hagan.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KANOVA, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

PICTURED NEWS FROM HOME,



2ND LT. MARY ANN LANE, *of West Chester, Penn., an American Army nurse in Italy, is writing to the folks at home, seated on an improvised chair outside her tent.*

Right: **MR. R. W. MOORE,** *Headmaster of Harrow, and* **MR. C. A. ELLIOTT,** *Headmaster of Eton (r.), sat side-by-side in deck-chairs to watch the Eton v. Harrow match at Harrow. Eton won by five wickets.*

OUT-OF-DOOR P.T. *is part of the reconditioning course for A.T.S. who have been out of sorts, or suffering from any form of nervous strain.*

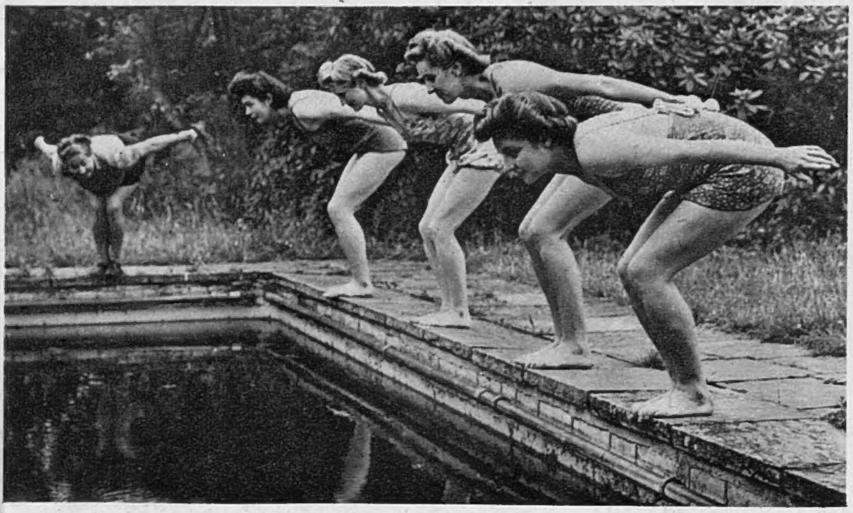
The marriage of the **DUKE OF SUTHERLAND** *to* **MRS. CLARE JOSEPHINE DUNKERLY** *took place recently at the Caxton Hall Register Office, London. After the ceremony they gave a lunch at the Dorchester.*

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, *the film-star recently arrived in England to make a film dealing with the R.A.F. He is signing a W.A.A.F.'s autograph book.*

A giant facsimile of a U.S. Coast Guard Class Ring provided the décor for tableaux at the Ring Dance of the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. **MISS MARILYN HARDEN BROOK** *is slipping his ring on to the finger of* **CADET J. K. KOLKEBECK.**

This **WREN** *got to work as soon as H.M.S. "Black Prince" returned to a British port after taking part in the Allied naval bombardment on Cherbourg. She's testing a ship's telephone to be installed as soon as the cruiser ties up.*

FROM ITALY AND FRANCE.



The swimming-pool is a popular feature at the A.T.S. reconditioning centre. SWIMMING AND DIVING *are taught by an expert.*

THE QUEEN *heard her younger daughter,* PRINCESS MARGARET, *make her début as a public speaker, after receiving purses for the extension of the Princess Margaret School.*

S/LDR. W. M. MARTIN, R.C.A.F., *eldest son of the Hon. the Chief Justice W. Melville Martin, of Regina, Saskatchewan, married* MRS. HELEN LOUISE PRYOR *in London.*

MRS. J. K. CLEGG, *daughter of the late Sir Charles Fielding, married* MR. W. HOLDEN WHITE, *of Cleveland, Ohio. She has been working for three years for the Royal Naval War Libraries.*

Left: MARCELLA SALZER *plays the title-rôle in Strindberg's "Lady Julie" at the Chanticleer Theatre;* and PETER NOBLE *takes the part of her footman-lover.*

These AMERICAN ARMY NURSES *are in the front line of the battle. They have gone to Normandy to work in field hospitals and assist in emergency operations. But military kit and a steel helmet doesn't stop a girl from powdering her nose.*

DARIA CASSINI, *seven-months-old daughter of actress* GENE TIERNEY *and her husband,* LT. CASSINI, *is interested in the rattle her mother shows her. Born prematurely, she only weighed 3 lb. 2 oz. Now she tips the scale at 14 lb.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

SINCE nobody in the show world is ever satisfied to make a success and then leave it alone, I suppose it was inevitable that sooner or later we should have a sequel to "Casablanca," and that it should turn out to be something like "PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE" (Warner's). Several members of the "Casablanca" cast—Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre—appear in the new film, and the same producer and director have developed it along much the same lines of action combined with yearning. There is even another dreamy theme song to take the place of "As Time Goes By." It is called "Someday I 'll Meet You Again," and is obviously designed to get under your skin and stay there. The stunning Miss Bergman is missing from the group this time, but another glamorous European, Michele Morgan, is on hand to take her place, and endue this Hollywood film with a touch of Continental *chic*. The most conspicuous difference between "Casablanca" and "Passage to Marseille" is the decrease in the consumption of champagne cocktails, or possibly the fact that "Casablanca" was an outstandingly good picture.

The trouble with the new film seems to be that it is altogether too elaborate in pattern. It is overplotted, and tries to take in too much territory. "Casablanca," now, chose one spot, a good hot spot, and stuck to it. "Passage to Marseille" wanders all over the place, from Devil's Island to an English airfield. It takes in a Fascist riot in Paris, a murder and a murder trial, penal servitude on Devil's Island, escape from Devil's Island, a mutiny at sea, a battle between a ship and a dive-bomber, a bombing raid over Germany, several high-class democracy speeches, and a spot of wedded felicity.

To work in all this, the film has to lean heavily on that infernal device, the flashback. There is even one flashback within a flashback within a flashback. The action opens at an airfield somewhere in the South of England, where the liaison officer of a Fighting French bomber squadron (Claude Rains) is telling a newspaper man the story of one Matrac (Humphrey Bogart), boldest, coolest, and most intrepid of the flyers. He, Mr. Rains, it seems, was in a freighter bound for Marseille in the spring of 1940. He saw. . . . Flashback. He sees Matrac and four other men picked up from a canoe in the Caribbean. They tell him . . . . Flashback. They tell him they are fugitives from Devil's Island. And not only do they obligingly describe how they got away *from* Devil's Island, and what they did *on* Devil's Island, but how they got *to* Devil's Island in the first place . . . More flashbacks, involving Matrac's matrimonial and journalistic career in Paris, his political enthusiasms, and his arrest on a false murder charge.

Returning to the present by slow degrees, taking one flashback out of another like those nests of Chinese boxes, we find ourselves back on board ship with Mr. Rains, the convicts, and, of course, the Captain (Victor Francen), and crew of the freighter. Also on board is a French officer (Sydney Greenstreet), who declares himself for Vichy when France falls. And now the action really hots up, for Mr. Greenstreet wants to hold the ship's course for Marseille and collaboration, while the Captain and the Devil's Islanders decide to change course for England. Scuffle succeeds scuffle, but after a mutiny and a dive-bombing attack, the ship is brought safely into an English port. The last flashback is resolved. We are back where we started, back on the airfield, with Mr. Rains telling his tale. But, blimey! the story isn't over yet. The intrepid Matrac still has to go and get himself killed in a bombing raid over Germany, and receive a heroic funeral.

There is plenty of action, as you can see, in "Passage to Marseille," but it all moves along rather ponderously, with a slight limp. The talented actors involved have little chance to do anything but work solidly through a routine job. The flashback device, obviously meant to expedite the story by getting the most incident into the smallest space, turns out in practice to have a curiously inverse effect. The highbrows can talk as much as they like about montage and filmic flow and percussive cutting and all that enchanted nonsense, but still one of the best ways of telling a story is to start at the beginning and go right on to the end.

JEAN SULLIVAN *plays Marianne, the girl of Warner's "Uncertain Glory" with whom Jean spends his last free days.*

"Uncertain Glory" (Regal), reviewed in this article, stars ERROL FLYNN *as criminal Jean Picard, who is released from a guillotine death by the roar of British bombers over the Paris skies.*

Some little time ago, as you may remember with a twinge of pain, Hollywood made a film called "The Impostor," all about a French murderer who was saved from the guillotine by a bombing raid, escaped, took on another man's identity, suffered a change of heart, and died a patriot and a hero. The idea didn't work out any too happily, even with one of France's best directors—Julien Duvivier—and one of France's best actors—Jean Gabin. Undeterred, untaught, and incurably optimistic, Hollywood has had another shot at much the same theme in "UNCERTAIN GLORY" (Regal).

This time the hero is none other than our old, romantic champion, Errol Flynn. Actually, for nine-tenths of the picture, he is more of a heel than a hero. Change of heart comes late with Mr. Flynn, much later than it came with M. Gabin, only just in time for the final fade-out. In fact, there are moments when you fancy he isn't going to make it at all.

He plays a certain Jean Picard, a gay dog of a murderer, who is about to expiate a life of unregenerate crime on an Occupied French guillotine. British bombers roar overhead, and Picard makes his getaway. A plodding, plain-clothes Sûreté man (Paul Lukas) recaptures him, and the two, officer and prisoner, are making their way back to Paris, when they come across a local "incident." At a certain village a bridge has been blown up, and the Gestapo have taken a hundred hostages in reprisal. These people are to be shot within five days, unless the saboteur, one Jean Dupont, surrenders.

At this point, murderer Jean Picard has—no, not a change of heart, not yet, but a bright idea. How nice and patriotic it would be, he suggests, if Jean Picard were to be set free, and allowed to give himself up as Jean Dupont. How nice and easy it would be, he thinks, for Jean Picard to slip away and vanish instead. The deal is eventually made between detective and prisoner, but it doesn't work out according to the Picard plan. There 's a girl, you see (Jean Sullivan), a simple peasant girl, right on the spot, to bring about a last-minute regeneration.

Unexpectedly, "Uncertain Glory" turns out to be a much better film than "The Impostor." That, of course, doesn't elevate it to any very dizzy heights, but it is a pleasant surprise, nevertheless.

N.B.—Our list of the Best Theatres will be found on page 50.

Paul Lukas is fine as the man from the Sûreté—a taut, delicate performance, with lots of power in reserve. Errol Flynn should enchant the Junior Miss with his sketch of a hero, who starts out as Robin Hood and ends up as Sydney Carton. Beat, beat, little pulse! Break, break, little heart! A murderer, yes, but what a *pet* of a murderer!

Preston Sturges, who is generally considered as a director who likes a great gust of laughter to sweep through his films, has picked on an odd subject for comedy in "THE GREAT MOMENT" (Plaza). "The Great Moment" is the biography of a certain William Morton, who lived in Boston one hundred years ago. If you look in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" under "Anæsthesia" you will find a brief synopsis of the film.

"On Sept. 30, 1846," it says, "Dr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, employed the vapour of ether to procure general anæsthesia in a case of tooth extraction, and thereafter administered it in cases requiring surgical operation with complete success. This great achievement marked a new era in surgery."

Joel McCrea, whom Mr. Sturges seems to fancy as an actor, plays this pioneer with a stocky, stolid charm. The story is told in a flashback by Morton's widow (Betty Field). It is a pretty grim story, mostly concerned with experimental surgery and experiences in pain. Yelling, applauding medical students turn the operating theatre into a kind of clinical *auto da fe*. The doctor himself is driven almost to frenzy by the suffering of his patients. He is harried by law suits, badgered by his colleagues, and unfortunate with his money. In the end, he loses his fight for the patent rights of his invention, and dies in poverty.

Mr. Sturges is an individualist, and "The Great Moment" is clearly his picture. Quite deliberately, he has introduced scenes of antic slapstick as a relief from tension. It is possible that without them the film would have been unbearable, and the Sturges fanatics were whispering the word "Shakespeare" as we left the theatre. "The Great Moment" has character, which is more than can be said of many films, and it deals with a topic of some importance to humanity, which can be said of even fewer. But those who don't fancy dentistry as a subject for public exhibition are hardly likely to feel better about it after assisting at this film.

JOEL McCREA *and* BETTY FIELD *as Dr. and Mrs. Morton are the stars of Paramount's "The Great Moment," which C. A. Lejeune reviews on this page.*

"Give Us the Moon" (New Gallery). Here are (r. to l.) MARGARET LOCKWOOD, ROLAND CULVER, VIC OLIVER, *and* ELIOT MAKEHAM *in the Gainsborough story of a post-war club founded by get-rich-quick people who won't work. The "Elephant Club," has its H.Q. in Soho over the Silver Samovar restaurant. These adventurers send romantic letters to wealthy arrivals in London, inviting them to the restaurant to meet a princess; they are then led upstairs to the Club to play roulette and empty their pockets.*

In the early years of the war, a British company, working under conditions of extreme difficulty, made a film of Patrick Hamilton's play "Gaslight," with Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook. Now an American company, working under conditions of comparative luxury, have re-made the film under the title "THE MURDER IN THORNTON SQUARE," with Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer. Some picturegoers will feel that there may be something in rigour to produce the best work.

"The Murder in Thornton Square" sticks pretty closely to the original story, but is lavish where "Gaslight" was austere, and obvious where it was allusive. In a rich, stuffy kind of way, it is handsome, and will probably turn out to be a very popular chiller. Apart from the picturegoers who adore M. Boyer's black-coffee-with-whipped-cream voice, and his pale, luminous face, there is a large section of the modern public that dotes on tales of horror about our grandparents' private lives. Anything about a smug Victorian voter who beats his wife, browbeats his servants, turns his children out into the snow and keeps a body in the cellar with the vintage port, is certain of a good reception nowadays. The story of "The Murder in Thornton Square"? Oh, a sweet thing about a gentleman-murderer, who brings his young wife to the scene of his old crime, and systematically, ingeniously, and almost successfully, tries to drive her dotty. Apart from the pleasant chill of this exhibition, it induces, like all these stories of our horrid predecessors, a delightful sense of our own superiority. The date is close enough to our own time to provoke moral comparison. Crime in the real past, the remote past, cannot touch us very deeply. But these wicked gentlemen, with their frock-coats and side-whiskers, these oppressed, trembling ladies, with their boned neck-bands and bustles—great heavens, some of us have aunts and uncles still practically living, who may actually have *dined* with them! "We should be grateful to the Immediate Past" Hilaire Belloc says in one of his essays, "not only for the fun it affords us, but for the opportunity it gives us for self-praise, complacency, vanity, and all the rest of the pleasant human faults. It is in contemplating the Immediate Past that we see how much better we are than those people. As a fact," he adds, although he isn't, of course, talking about bodies in the wine cellar, but actually, if I remember rightly, about the depths of wine buckets, "as a fact, we are much worse." With that sad thought I leave you to enjoy the murder in Thornton Square.

"Home in Indiana" (Odeon), Twentieth Century-Fox's film of G. Agnew Chamberlain's story "The Phantom Filly," has for background a farm and racing stables. Here is a thrill for which Char (JEANNE CRAIN) *and Sparkes* (LON McCALLISTER) *have waited up all night, when Mo' Rum* (WILLIE BEST) *reports the birth to a blind trotting mare of a filly sired, through the conspiracy of the men, by a rival's stallion.*

THE LITTLE PRINCE MAKES A LONG ARM.

H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER was born on December 18, 1941, and though he is a tall child for his age, he just can't make the long stretch up to offer a titbit to the pedigree bull, which is gazing so benignantly at him from its loose-box in the stable-yard at Barnwell Manor, the country seat of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The dogs shown with the Prince are Australian terriers, suitable pets for the son of the Governor-Designate of the Commonwealth. It was recently announced that the Duke of Gloucester would not proceed to Australia to take up his appointment as Governor-General before the autumn of this year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

HOME SECURITY MORRISON.

As Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, MR. HERBERT MORRISON *is the Minister chiefly concerned with the problems of protection from Flying Bomb attack and evacuation from danger areas. When he toured bombed sites last week he spoke about the efficacy of London's shelter arrangements, though he agrees that the attacks are "no picnic." He voiced the general opinion by his high praise of Civil Defence workers. Mr. Morrison, who was born in 1888, began his working life as an errand boy, and was shop assistant, telephone operator and deputy newspaper circulation manager before he became a Cabinet Minister. He has been Labour M.P. for S. Hackney from 1923-4, 1929-31, and since 1935.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

Tuesday, A.M. *A couple of sections of the 71-foot legs of Varga's outsize poster-girl go up on Broadway.*

Tuesday, Noon. *The dainty foot, which m*

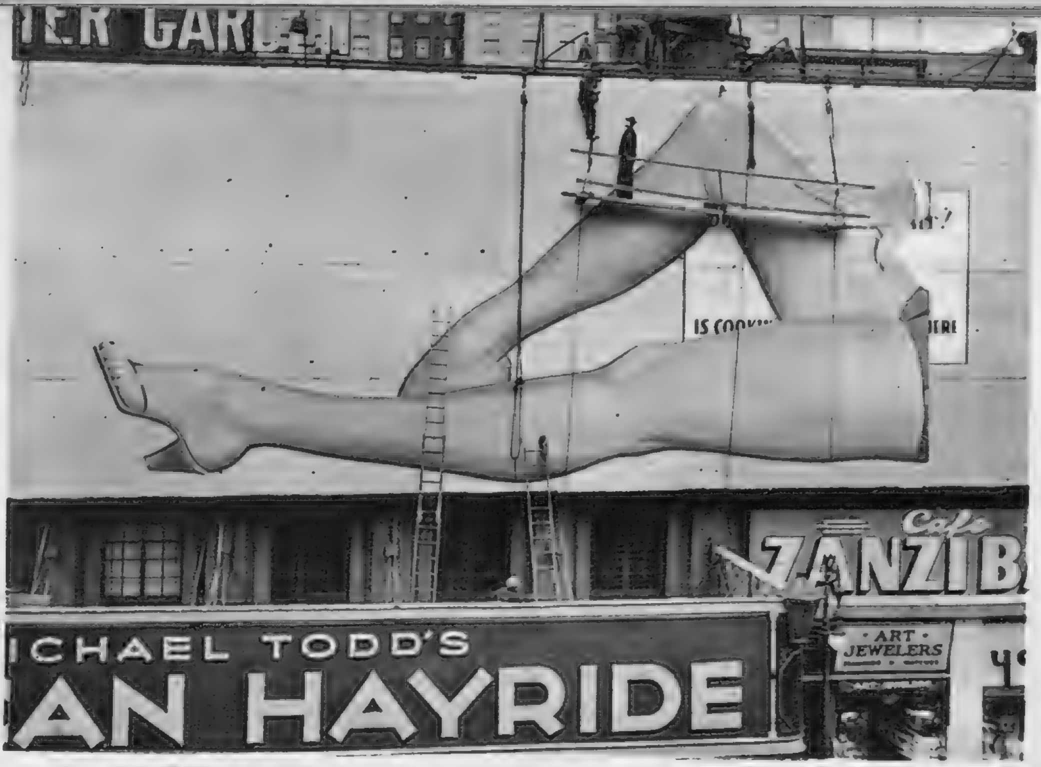
Thursday, A.M. *Half the girl high over Broadway. The workmen engaged on the job look like finger-length mannikins.*

Friday, A.M. *By the end of the week Great Big*

OUTSIZE VARGA GIRL GOES UP IN SECTIONS ON BROADWAY

2nd Thursday, P.M. *The sign is now complete, with the composite Varga beauty being ogled by Bobby Clark.*

8-foot ladders look like toys, is now in place.



Wednesday, A.M. *Twenty-four hours of work have gone to finishing the biggest Varga beauty's long legs.*

Varga was only waiting for her head and left arm.

2nd Wednesday, P.M. *The Varga girl is now complete, but men are at work on comedian Bobby Clark's admiring grin.*

THE BIGGEST VARGA GIRL has now gone up on Broadway, as a sign to advertise the musical comedy "Mexican Hayride." Varga girls are known for their elegant length of limb, but this particular one has 71-foot-long legs! She was designed by Alberto Varga as a composite picture of the star of "Mexican Hayride," June Havoc, and all the other lovelies in the show. Then workmen painted thirty-one sections on to weatherproofed Flexboard. The sign went up like a jig-saw puzzle, each section fitting into the one next to it. A "Life" photographer recorded the ten-day process of construction. Bad weather held up the work from Friday to Wednesday, but when it was finished, *did* the New Yorkers jam the sidewalks and gaze upward! It was terrific, and the cost came to ten thousand dollars.

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

Huge tanks are used to store water to fight forest fires in the New Forest: Forester J. W. Brook is inspecting one.

William I. initiated an afforestation scheme for the New Forest, and we carry it on, as these twenty-two-year-old fir-trees show. The picture was taken from a look-out tower.

The forest staff in wartime must be for ever on watch and guard: here's one of their tall look-out towers, 55 ft. high.

Although these trees are 250 years of age, yet the New Forest was already ancient when they were saplings.

THE famous NEW FOREST, one of the loveliest districts in England, covers some 92,365 acres in the south-west of Hampshire, between the Solent, Southampton Water and the River Avon. It is one of the five forests mentioned in Domesday Book. It was a hunting-ground of the West Saxon kings, but takes its name from the afforestation schemes carried out by William the Conqueror in 1079. It is to-day under the care of the Forestry Commission, who see to it that the losses

[*Continued opposite.*

OLD IN ENGLISH HISTORY-

Fellings of the mighty trees in the New Forest are heavy in wartime, but a few "Mother Pines" are always left in blank areas to scatter seed.

These forestry girls were recruited in wartime, and have become expert at shaping young trees for pit-props.

Doris Swan is a sixteen-year-old forestry girl who loves her work. She is an expert at trimming pit-props.

The young trees in a forest nursery require a good deal of attention: these will soon be old enough to be planted out.

Continued.]
caused by the heavy wartime fellings shall be made good as quickly as possible. The foresters, too, must be ever vigilant, and on the watch against fires. From their lofty look-out towers they can command a vast area, and mobilise their forces should danger threaten anywhere. Our photographs not only illustrate the beauties of the New Forest, but give some idea of the work carried on in wartime by the foresters there.

BUT FOR EVER OUR NEW FOREST.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPT. J. A. McCOY, *for dressing to fit the job—a hunting cap when he goes U-boat chasing.*

THESE MEN OF AN A.-A. UNIT *in Normandy, for having a battle bath de luxe, complete with shower.*

CAPT. J. A. McCOY, D.S.O., R.N., is properly in the saddle when out at sea chasing U-boats. So much so that he always wears his hunting cap on these lawful occasions, a fact which amused the King when he saw this unusual battle headgear. Capt. McCoy commands a destroyer.

LCE-CPL. BILL STEVENS, R.E., is foreman of a road-making Royal Engineers party in France. At work in civilian life he always wore a bowler hat, and in the R.E.s he can't feel at home unless he keeps it on. Being a man with a strong sense of homogeneity, Stevens has put his R.E. badge on the front of his bowler, and reconciled peace with war, so to speak.

LCE-CPL. BILL STEVENS, *for always being bowler hatted, even in battledress.*

AN auxiliary gas tank from a P-38 fighter and a German sprinkler make up the ingenious shower-bath contraption in which the FOUR MEN OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNIT are seen soaking themselves somewhere in Normandy.

STANDING alongside his fighter 'plane the "Screamin' Weemie" is LT.-COL. LOUIS T. HOUCK, of Todd, N.C. Lt.-Col. Houck is a Squadron Commander with the Ninth Fighter Command Group. He is twenty-seven years old, and always wears this devil-horned cap when he flies, to match the satanic crest on his 'plane.

THESE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, *for having a quick one to victory on a war-worn side-walk.*

THE three American doughboys in France who drank a toast to a short war are SERGT. ROBERT McCURDY, of Newark, N.J., SERGT. HAROLD SMITH, of Brush Creek, Tenn., and SERGT. RICHARD BENNETT, of Willkes Barre, Pa. The battered street where they have made a little bar is in La Haye du Puits.

LIEUT.-COL. LOUIS T. HOUCK, *for being a flying devil armed cap-à-pie.*

STAR CASTING!

Here's a new angle on JOAN FONTAINE. *She's an enthusiastic and expert fly-fisherman, and when she was invited by Caledon, Ontario, to visit the town as guest of honour for their special week in aid of Canada's Sixth Victory Loan, she found time for some trout-fishing, as well as, incidentally, helping the town doubly to over-subscribe their target. She had good sport on the lake and caught ten trout in half a day, which equals the local record. It's hardly necessary to recall that Joan Fontaine's screen successes include her Oscar-winning performance in "Rebecca"; and the name-part in "Jane Eyre." Her new pictures are "The Constant Nymph" and "Frenchman's Creek." She was born in Tokyo in 1917, is a blonde with hazel eyes; sister to Olivia de Havilland; and married to Brian Aherne.*

An interval in the play, with Demetrius (GEORGE BARKER), *Quince* (HENRY FROSH) *and Hermia* (ANNE DANIELS).

Left to right: Theseus, Duke of Athens (MAURICE PARIPSKY), *Hippolyta* (JOSEPHINE SETH), *Egeus* (WILLIAM MITCHELL), *an attendant of Hippolyta* (DIANA ST. CLAIR), *and Philostrate* (LEONARD SAMSON).

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" OUT OF DOORS BY R.A.F. AND W.A.A.F.

" I must go seek some dewdrops here, and hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear." Mustardseed (LINDSAY LAWSON) *dances with Puck* (WOLFE MORRIS).

" My Oberon! what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamour'd of an ass." Titania (MARIA DAVIES) *and Oberon* (LAURIER LISTER).

At the Palace of Theseus at Athens, Theseus, Hippolyta and attendants watch the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe acted by the travelling players.

" Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy." *Titania, queen of the fairies* (MARIA DAVIES), *coaxes her uncouth love, Bottom* (JACK COCKROFT).

Three of Titania's fairies, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed.

THIS Dramatic Society of a Royal Air Force Station who recently gave a performance of " A Midsummer Night's Dream " believe that they are pioneers in being the only R.A.F. unit ever to play Shakespeare in the open air. The show was produced by Corporal Laurier Lister, and the cast were all R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. personnel serving on the unit. The station orchestra, under the direction of Arnold Newnham, played Mendelssohn's incidental music.

" Hand in hand, with fairy grace will we sing, and bless this place." Titania dances with her fairies, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed (JEANNIE MACDONALD, MARGARET BOURNE, GWENDOLINE MORGAN and LINDSAY LAWSON, *in that order*).

" I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus." Demetrius scorns Helena (PRUNELLA HOLLAWAY).

" O hell! to choose love by another's eye." Hermia (ANNE DANIELS) *indulges in a little healthy quarrelling with her Lysander* (CHARLES GANN).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"SIRIUS" is the story of a super-super-sheepdog, of mixed collie and Alsatian descent, in which one of the scientists to whom we owe so much had managed to develop an almost human brain. Brought up with the scientist's family, the creature formed an attachment to his youngest daughter, Plaxy, which, in spite of misunderstandings and estrangements on both sides, tended to deepen as the years went on. Sirius learned the trade of sheepdog in a hard school and was then sent to Cambridge to improve his mind; afterwards he went as guest to a clergyman in London, to see the workings of practical Christianity. He could talk, after a fashion, and sing beautifully—of all his accomplishments the one I found hardest to credit. Ordinarily he had a sweet disposition—sweeter, it must be admitted, than that of many human beings. Mr. Stapledon makes the point that a dog is capable of absolute loyalty, whereas men, being all more or less vowed to self, are not. But Sirius's wolf blood found an outlet in Berserker moods in which he killed other dogs, and occasionally men, who had provoked him. When the Frankenstein who had created this monster died, the poor creature had no one to turn to but Plaxy, and their friendship was much criticised in the village where they lived—although Plaxy's human friend, who tells the story, understood and respected it. Sirius ends as an outlaw, abhorrent, and hostile, to dogs and men.

An Allegory of the Spirit.

As an allegory of the spirit, tormented in the search for a fulfilment it cannot find, and of the individual persecuted by the mob, there is much to be said for this book. Sirius's position, with an entry to two worlds but a resting-place in none, is eminently pitiable; and the attitude of the crowd, cruel in their conventional condemnation of something they do not understand, is portrayed with much truth and imagination. Noble and suffering, Sirius holds one's sympathy, at any rate for a great part of the book. But the realism of the story is—to me, at any rate—far less satisfying than the fantasy, and one cannot escape the realism, for Mr. Stapledon rubs one's nose in it. The physical aspects and embarrassments of Sirius's peculiar make-up are ruthlessly insisted upon, with a complete—indeed, with a positive and challenging—lack of humour. Science, unlike the humaner studies, has no place for humour, and Mr. Stapledon records the man-dog's eccentricities in an objective and scientific manner. In this—one has to admit it—he has the justification of being a seeker after truth. If, knowing the truth about Sirius, one is still repelled, one must class oneself with Philistines and bigots and persecutors, with those who dislike Jews because they are Jews, or despise a man because he drops his h's. This is the dilemma into which Mr. Stapledon puts one; and I dare say that the difficulty of extricating oneself from it with credit makes one a little sore with him.

On the other hand, it is surely true that some subjects of scientific inquiry are not suitable subjects for art. No one, I imagine, could be offended by a scientific treatise on abnormal psychology, no matter how detailed. Science pursues truth, but Art pursues beauty, and truth and beauty, in spite of Keats, are not the same thing. Though he writes extremely well and has a great deal of spiritual perception, it is as an artist that Mr. Stapledon fails; and he fails because he cannot effect a unity between fantasy and realism.

The Eye and the Mind.

There is a world of difference between an observant eye and an accurate mind. For novelist, and reader, the former is certainly the more valuable, except in the case of detective-stories, where accuracy of observation is more essential than the manner in which the observation is made. At the same time, a mistake about facts, however trivial, does make one a little suspicious of the completeness of an author's conception of his work. Mr. Robert Goodyear, for instance, is, from the visual standpoint, a first-rate observer of nature. On a stormy day between summer and autumn "the holly leaves were drenched in wet, white light." That is vividly seen. But when he tells us that nightingales were singing, and cyclamen, azaleas, roses, dahlias and tiger-lilies were in bloom, all within twenty-four hours of each other, and suggests that a brief interval brought chrysanthemums, one feels that he hasn't enough respect for facts and may possibly disregard them in departments of his story, "Mrs. Loveday," which are more important, though less easily checked.

Granted that Clare's illegitimate daughter was the offspring of the local squire's son, and that class distinctions are thereby confused, I still think that there is more social interpenetration in this story than was the case in England a few years back. Yet Mr. Goodyear is as an acute observer of the social scene as he is of nature; it is just that his mind does not criticise his observing faculty.

Her Whole Existence.

But his novel stands or falls by his portrait of Clare Loveday, wife of an adoring commercial traveller, mistress to several men, including her own daughter's betrothed, and sister to Kate. Kate lives with the Lovedays and runs their house; she is practical in word, thought, and deed. Clare lives for love; it is her whole existence. She makes no effort to resist it, either in the case of her future son-in-law or the sailor she picked up in the street. She is almost a nymphomaniac. She is also a *femme fatale*, but fatal chiefly to herself. Gradually she goes downhill, morally and mentally; whereas to men she is only an episode, soon seen in proportion to the other interests of their lives, and quickly forgotten. "She could not see that it was never people that she had loved, but the feelings that people could evoke in her."

Told by Mr. Goodyear with sympathy, subtlety, and a great deal of humour in the minor portraits, Clare's melancholy story lingers in the mind long after the last page is turned. My only doubt was whether, being a child of nature, she would not have adapted herself more easily to changing circumstances.

Romance in a Country House.

"Cluny Brown" makes a pleasant contrast. It is a story of country-house life, above and below stairs, and though here and there Miss Margery Sharp has introduced touches of fantasy, on the whole she sticks close to the conventions of comedy. The fantasy is in the character of Cluny herself, a plumber's niece whose romantic impulses (*e.g.*, having tea at the Ritz) seem likely to land her in trouble; so she is packed off to be a domestic servant in a country house in Devonshire. Unconventional as her behaviour is, it is surpassed by that of another inmate at Friar's Carmel—Adam Belinski, a Polish refugee whose revolutionary opinions have earned him the disagreeable attentions of the Nazis. Sir Henry and Lady Carmel belong to the old school, and are delightfully drawn, as is their son, Andrew, whose estimate of the European situation is much shrewder than theirs, and to whose Left Wing sympathies they owe the presence in the house of the Polish "Professor." Another guest, the lovely Elizabeth Cream, provides a love-interest for Andrew and the "Professor"—as she has done for many others; and Cluny's attraction for a serious-minded but susceptible Scottish chemist lends an additional string to Cupid's bow.

Lack of sustained narrative interest is, I think, the weak point of "Cluny Brown"; it is only towards the end that we are conscious of a keen desire to know what will happen next. (The *dénouement* is a surprise and a good one.) On the other hand, Miss Sharp's gift for characterisation is quite exceptional; again and again she delights us with some flash of imaginative insight. I am not sure that Cluny is a convincing human being, though her portrait is admirably self-consistent; but the "Professor" is a treasure and a joy who will not easily be forgotten, and the minor figures, both gentle and simple, give pleasure merely by being themselves. Altogether, this is an accomplished, amusing, well-written book, and one, moreover, that hints at the possession of much heavier guns than the author uses here.

Cornish Spy Story.

Some of the hardness, the rocky character of the Cornish coast has crept into Mr. Herbert Adams's spy story, "Four Winds." His gift is chiefly for dramatic scenes; one or two of them would provide tense moments on the stage. And if some of his spies are conventional in their behaviour, others emphatically are not. Clothes make the man; here we are shown what the lack of them makes—a daring and original idea.

The author has a sense of fun, and his pen is witty if not always kind; the dilemma that faced the group of Pengellen's dignitaries had its gay as well as its embarrassing side. The characters do not develop much; they have little time for it, being already too busy developing the plot. That is the author's first concern, and he handles it ably and with confidence.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Sirius. A Fantasy of Love and Discord. By Olaf Stapledon. (*Secker and Warburg; 8s. 6d.*)
Mrs. Loveday. By Robert Goodyear. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
Cluny Brown. By Margery Sharp. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Four Winds. By Herbert Adams. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* SADLER'S WELLS BALLET (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (*Savoy*). Frederick Lonsdale revival, with Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler, Austen Trevor, Margaret Scudamore.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

THE EPIC STORY OF DR. WASSELL FILMED.

GARY COOPER *as Dr. Wassell with* LARAINE DAY *as Madeline. The film is based on James Hilton's true story of the heroic American doctor in Java.*

Dr. Wassell is helped in his work for the twelve badly wounded American sailors by the devoted Javanese nurse, Tri Martini (CAROL THURSTON).

Dr. Wassell succeeded in getting the twelve wounded American sailors to the sea-coast, so that they might be saved from falling into Japanese hands.

Dr. Wassell was assigned to duty in Java, caring for wounded officers and men of the cruisers "Houston" and "Marblehead," which had been in action. He finds Tri Martini entertaining patients.

With the help of Bettina (SIGNE HASSO) *and Tri Martini, Dr. Wassell endeavours to protect his patients from a fierce Japanese attack.*

"THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL" is Paramount's new film directed and produced by Cecil B. De Mille. It is based on James Hilton's account of the true story of an American doctor's bravery in 1942, when the U.S. cruisers *Houston* and *Marblehead* limped into port after a battering by the Japs off the coast of Java, published in book form by Macmillan. Dr. Corydon Wassell received a public tribute from President Roosevelt in a broadcast account of his achievement, and was awarded the Navy Cross for gallantry—much to his surprise!

Dr. Wassell, aged fifty-eight, and a Lieut.-Commander in the U.S.N.R., was decorated with the Navy Cross for his superb gallantry in bringing the wounded to safety.

STRAIGHT AND WAVY.*

By PATRICK SAXON.

PRIOR to the war the opinion was generally held in business circles that naval officers were recruited entirely from the ranks of half-witted younger sons. In the Royal Navy, it was held that every business man lay awake at nights scheming how to amass a fortune at the expense of widows, orphans and rich naval officers.

While the war has done much to eradicate these impressions, there still remains a modicum of reserve between Straight and Wavy Stripes. When, for instance, the Straight Stripes, or plain R.N., are referred to as the "caretakers," they are, to coin a phrase, apt to suck their teeth.

So that when, at an uncertain naval base situated considerably more than five miles from Ashby de la Zouche, a Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.V.R. (or wavy stripes), was given his brass hat and placed in a position of authority, the sound of teeth-sucking was so great that the ignorant thought a gale was blowing up, and sent signals asking for night leave.

The Straight Stripes took it badly. Rude and bitter things were said in wardrooms. Feelings and wine accounts ran high. They objected not to the man, but to the principle. The man, Commander Stevens, was a good chap, but it was thought that as he was the direct exponent of the hated principle, he would inevitably have to suffer. They planned accordingly.

Commander Stevens was tall and dark, and his manner, although charming and cultured, was that of a man accustomed to quick thinking and instant decisions. The Admiral had realised that when he recommended him for his new high appointment.

Before any scheme could be put into operation one of those cataclysmic events which happen in the Services shook the base to its foundations. A new Admiral was appointed, and the dear old boy who had been holding the base together with odd bits of string and wire, struck his flag, kicked the cat, folded his pyjamas and retired for the second time.

There was an uneasy breathing-space whilst awful rumours spread like chicken-pox. The new Admiral, it was said, breakfasted off rusty nails and neat vodka, worked all day and half the night and hated Wavy Stripes. Anticipatory rejoicing and revelling filled the breasts of those who would bring the Commander low, but there was anxiety too.

The Staff Signal Officer, who had once sailed with the new Admiral, packed all his bulky luggage and wrote his resignation. The Port Intelligence Officer, who lived out, gave his landlord a month's notice. The Military Staff Officer gave his battledress to his batman, and the Chief of Staff sent his wife away for a holiday.

The Staff Officers were mustered on the day of the Admiral's arrival into a reception committee. All wore their best suits, their least-frayed collars and their cuffs looked like a soap advertisement.

Within half an hour of his arrival the bush telegraph was working overtime disseminating the news that the Admiral gambled on the Stock Exchange and Stevens helped him. Cups of happiness were dashed from the lips of Straight Stripes and replaced by neat alcohol. For in no uncertain manner the Commander had been taken to the bosom of the new Admiral.

"Stevens, my dear fellow!" the new Admiral had said delightedly. "This is a pleasure! Why, I haven't seen you since I called at your office in Old Broad Street for advice about my investments."

"I hope it was good advice, Sir?"

"The best, Stevens! The best!"

The Chief of Staff coughed and the Admiral frowned at him.

"Come up to my cabin, Stevens," he said. "I'd like to talk to you when you're free."

. . . .

Betty James, Third Officer, W.R.N.S., added fuel to the ideal boilers that combusted incessantly in the hearts of the Straight Stripes by showing a marked preference for Commander Stevens rather than Lieut.-Commander Charley Wood, the leader of the R.N. (plain).

She worked in the same building as the Commander and watched him giving saucers of milk to the cat. Occasionally, she would hear him telephoning to his partners at the Stock Exchange, and, being a sensible young lady, decided that she would far rather wave a husband off to the 9.35 than to a commission in the East Indies for a couple of years. But as she told Lieut.-Commander Wood quite frankly, it was his kindness to animals which really made her fall in love with the Commander.

"I'm fond of animals too," complained Charley.

"Are you? How sweet!" replied Betty.

"And I'll give up the sea after the war if you like."

"But what could you do?"

"I don't have to do anything. My pater's chairman of Wood's Jams, Ltd., you know, even if they are a bit shaky now."

"I could never marry a drone," said Betty firmly.

"I could go on the stage," said Charley desperately. "You know I'm pretty good at mimicry."

"Yes, in a funny sort of way, but you're not as good as all that."

"Oh?" said Charley Wood coolly. "Is that so?"

"You're a dear thing, and I'm very fond of you, so don't get rattled," laughed Betty. "You see how things are, don't you?"

Charley Wood saw all too well how things were, but it is not the Navy's custom to go down without a fight, and when he saw Betty down the gangway of his ship his eyes were full of determination—and soot from the funnel.

It was the next morning, when Betty was clearing the files in Commander Stevens' office, that she heard him carrying through another big deal on the telephone.

There was a smile on her face like that of a parent watching her daughter at basketball as she heard him say:

"Buy as much stock as you can up to £10,000 as soon as the market opens. I've just had the buying order."

She watched him with interest as he listened carefully to the voice at the other end and jotted down figures on his blotter.

"Yes," he went on, "it's the usual client here, and get 'em as cheap as possible as I want to do the Old Man a good turn. What? Yes—the Ordinaries—all the Preference are held by the chairman, old Wood himself. Right-oh, then. Send the contract note to me."

He replaced the receiver, looked at Betty, and sprang to his feet.

"You're as pale as death!" he cried. "Are you all right?"

"Was—was that an order to buy Wood's Jams, Ltd?" she asked faintly.

"Yes—why?" he said.

"For the Admiral?"

"Yes, but——"

"Did you get the order personally?"

"Yes—he rang me up early to-day."

"You're going to lose a packet for him. Charley said they were shaky."

"Charley?"

"The chairman's son."

Commander Stevens smiled. "They've got a new process which halves their production costs. Hardly a soul knows yet. When the news comes out, the stock will rocket up. So you can tell Charley to stick to his battleboat and leave business alone."

"Oh!"

"But thanks a lot, just the same."

. . . .

The Admiral was amazed when Commander Stevens told him a couple of days later that his purchase of Wood's Jams, Ltd., showed a profit of £2000.

"Damme, Stevens!" he cried. "I don't ever remember telling you to buy them!"

Charley was not so amazed when Betty said: "You *are* good at mimicry—especially on the telephone, dear. It would be fun, rather, going round the music-halls with you!"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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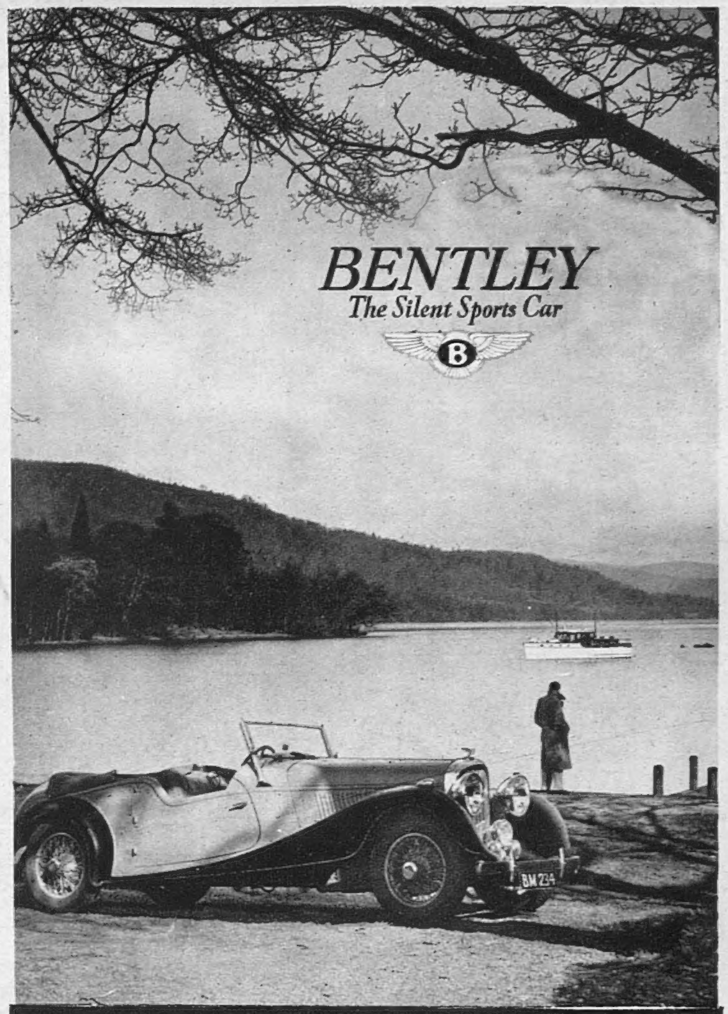

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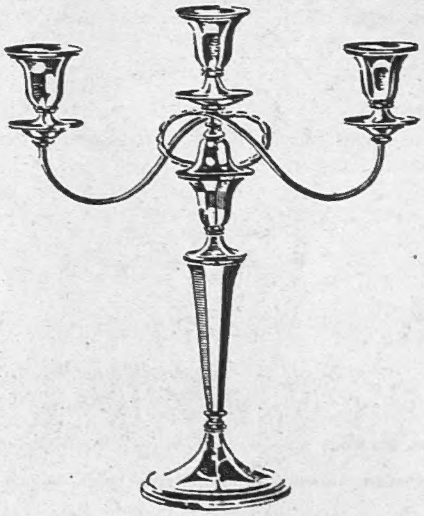

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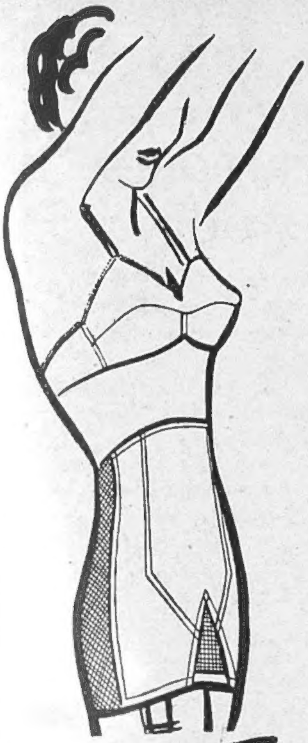

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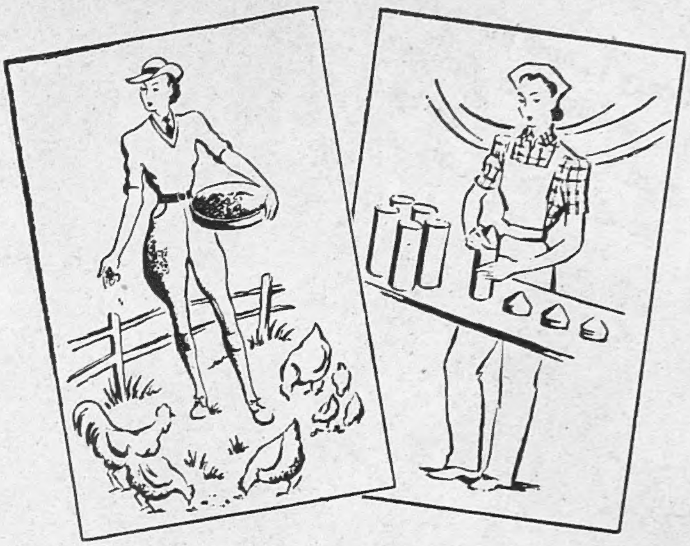

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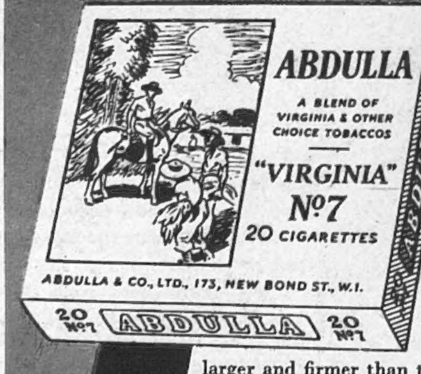

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